

NOTICIAS



Dick's Harbor, Santa Cruz I.

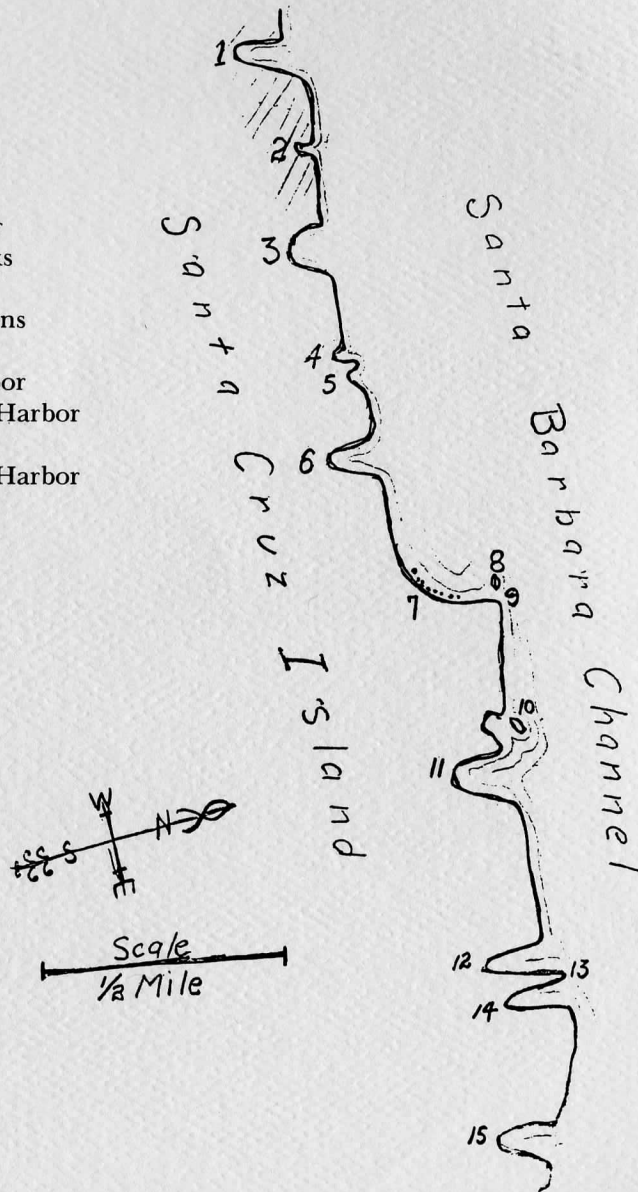
Mrs. S. Morton

OUR TRIP TO SANTA CRUZ ISLAND

By Horace Sexton*

HORACE SEXTON'S MAP

1. Fry's Harbor
2. Dardanelles
3. Fern Cove
4. Crawfish Bite
5. Shark Bite
6. Dick's Harbor
7. Abalone Rocks
8. Mussel Rock
9. Marine Gardens
10. Orizaba Rock
11. Orizaba Harbor
12. Upper Twin Harbor
13. Arch Rock
14. Lower Twin Harbor
15. Pelican Bay



Sunday, August 6, 1922—All the anxiety and worry of transportation to Santa Cruz Island was solved by our good friend, Rhodehaver, who responded to a 4:30 a.m. call when we received the news that he would be free to take us across in the good ship "Unome" as soon as I could come and get him. Good luck was assured when we found a dollar bill on the way to the wharf. Rody made the boat ready while St Clair and I hauled down three Ford loads of equipment and grub. We rounded up the skiff and after loading, we were off at 7 a.m. After passing the buoy we realized that we surely were started, and the sweet purring of the motor and smooth riding qualities of the boat assured us of a perfect trip across, no matter what weather we might meet.

Our trip across was more than satisfactory, everybody enjoying the trip watching the birds, sharks, schools of fish and even a whale. Ella contributed a little to the feed of the entertainers, but, taking it all in all, stood the trip much better than I had expected. The island soon loomed up out of the haze, and we found ourselves in Dick's Harbor before we realized it. Let me add here that the "Unome" is the most comfortable and the easiest handled boat I have made the trip aboard.

Our luck was still with us, for the harbor was free from other campers, and we proceeded to unload and pick out a camp site. We soon located one about a block and a half up from the beach beneath a beautiful grove of maple, oak and holly trees beside a rippling brook of fine drinking water. Camp located, we went on board again and had a try at deep sea fishing off Twin Harbor, but, having no luck, ran out to Pelican Bay and received the usual welcome of Captain Ira Eaton and his wife, and Rody proceeded to fill up on everything he could ask for, while the rest of us chose between coffee and other stimulants. We also picked up a stray crawfish trap on the way back to camp and planted same for future reference.

Next came the task of lugging all our junk from the beach to our camp site, and, believe me, this proved to be some job, but thanks to Rody and our enthusiasm for this wonderful harbor, we had most of the gear moved and made ourselves comfortable for the night.

Monday—After a reasonably good night we arose and had breakfast and all went to the beach to pull our trap and see Rody off. We found that our skipper, who had slept aboard, had set a net across the harbor mouth and had caught a collection of mackerel, smelt, flying fish, etc. We made a successful catch of spiders, which we forced on Rody to take home and then explored the cave and adjoining bight.

Rody left us with whistle blowing and spray flying while we trolled for mackerel. St Clair soon hooked a dandy, which gave him a fight that nearly got his goat and took rod and all. It was decided that this fish weighed about ten pounds and was at least eighteen inches long. Spent the

*This account of a two-week camping trip enjoyed by St Clair and Marion Morton and Horace and Ella Sexton was loaned to *Noticias* by Mrs. Morton. Horace Sexton was a member of the Sexton family of Goleta. Mr. Morton was in the grocery and later the insurance business here.

rest of the day putting our camp in order, clearing out the pool and making the refrigerator beneath the rocks in the creek. Went to bed at dark with the satisfaction that we had the most beautiful camp, as well as most comfortable camp any of us had ever enjoyed.

Found out today that we have the wrong sized films for the kodak. Marion has about a dozen for hers, so will have to make them do for the whole trip.

Tuesday—As usual, the first night in a strange place was long and wakeful. The mice and mosquitoes had their turn, and everyone got up more or less glad the night was over. Spent the morning poking around in the kelp beds, fishing and putting out a mooring for our skiff, which has been christened "Li'l Snappin' Turtle." More eats, and then a trip up the canyon, which proved to be trip of beauty and interest. A beautiful creek flows over the rocks, making waterfalls into wonderful pools overhanging with ferns and greenery, while the oaks, holly and maple tower overhead.

Everybody went fishing and caught lots of kelp fish, which were very gamy and were grateful to be thrown back to be caught again tomorrow if we decide to fish again in the same place.

Had a wonderful meal consisting of St Clair's famous mackerel baked with tomatoes and onions. Also combination salad, lyonnaise potatoes, etc. Alternated between loafing, reading and eating, and finished up about dark with crab salad. Started to read the book, "Man Size," aloud by the campfire, and after several skirmishes with mice, which are so tame as to come right into the firelight, we turned in for the night.*

Wednesday—Morning gun soon after daylight, and all hands turned out to cantaloupe and coffee with reports of a very comfortable night, except once when a wild hog was surprised on his trip from the hills to the beach by walking into camp. Found the tide very low, so decided to make a try at abalones, so rowed down the coast and beached our boat on the rocks and had no trouble getting plenty of abalones, but they will soon be gone for campers. Got off on Mussel Rock and laid in a supply of great mussels for a stew and bait. Our trap delivered us a fine mess of crabs, and after puttering around in the kelp beds awhile, we returned to camp and tackled the hot cakes, bacon, eggs, more bacon and a couple of big mussels roasted. Loafed around, read, got wood—then another meal of cabbage, roast beef, baked potatoes, corn bread, etc. Went out by the harbor mouth and tied up to the kelp and had a fishing contest, varieties counting instead of numbers. Back at our camp we had our usual mouse hunt while reading. This consisted of waiting for the animal to approach the campfire, then get him before he could reach the rocks in the darkness.

We have been looking for Rodehaver all day, but guess he will be over Sunday.

Thursday—Got up late (about 7:30), everybody having had a dandy night. Coffee and toast, then for the boat for an exploring trip up the coast. Went as far as Fry's Harbor, which took us about three-fourths of an hour.

Fry's is a beautiful harbor, but the beach and canyon are awfully dirty. A party of four men camping there were not overly talkative, so we decided they were moonshiners.

After leaving Fry's we stopped in all the coves. The first stop was at Dardanelles, where we passed through the cliffs onto a little beach where the swells ebb and flow through a little straight made by a long rock beside the cliff; hence the name, "Dardanelles."

Then to the Fern Cove, where we found the most wonderful marine gardens and a cave where we rowed in and took some pictures. Then we went ashore on the rocks and walked up the cliff and saw the bank of ferns about sixty feet high with a cave below filled with ferns and moss. Next comes Crawfish Cove, where we pulled our trap, but something went wrong. Our bait was gone and not a thing in the trap. The next cove around Mackerel Point has not been named as yet, but will find something suitable in the future. We were out three hours and hunger drove us in. All hands flew to the job and soon had a swell meal to match our appetites, consisting of abalones, bacon, potatoes and gravy, tomatoes, etc., with two helpings of each.

After considerable debating as to where and why we should swim, it was decided to go up the canyon and find a pool in the sunshine and out of the wind. This part proved easy, but Lord, that water was cold. One dive was sufficient.

Went out about two blocks off the harbor mouth and ran into a school of mackerel, and—O Boy!—the sport we had cannot be equalled in many years. About every fifteen minutes a school would hit us and from then on until the fish were landed all hands were busy with their own problems, or laughing at those of others. Sometimes we would get two at once, or a twenty-inch fish and then how the reels would sing as they took the line away. SOME SPORT!!!!

Our dinner tonight consisted of broiled lobster, buttered beets, cucumbers, toast and loganberry jam, tea, cheese and bread pudding. Plenty at each serving.

Read by the campfire, but mouse hunting was poor and we retired early.

Friday—Last night at high twelve our friends the hogs made another call, passing down the canyon above the camp. We were warned of their approach by the rocks rolling into camp. I got a shot at one in the creek bottom below camp, and, if it had not been for our woodpile, I am afraid he would have cleared out St Clair's tent. However, he was turned off and continued up the canyon, where, at a safe distance, he growled in defiance.

This morning we went exploring down the coast, calling at the mussel shoals, Orizaba Rock, the marine gardens, Orizaba Cove, where we baited a stray trap, then to Twin Harbors and Arch Rock. Had a good chance to get a tow home, but the owners of the launch we met were about as hospitable as rest of the outlaws over here, so we poked along the kelp beds coming home. The sea was so smooth that we could pass into all the coves and approach the rocks, nooks and corners just as if we were on a great, glassy lake.

*Mrs. Morton says that they had sticks with which to whack the kangaroo mice when they came close enough.



Bathing Pools

Mrs. S. Morton

Again our trap failed us, but we have two meals planned ahead and we have baited with the choicest mackerel, so surely we will have luck next time. We were on the water five hours this morning, and surely saw a wonderful variety of beautiful and interesting scenery both under the water and on shore.

Finished our book and prepared a meal consisting of fillet of mackerel, fried onions and potatoes, boiled carrots and peas, toasted bread and jam, coffee, cheese, olives, and ice cream was mentioned only. Loafed around, read, got wood, etc., all afternoon, and toward evening went mackerel fishing while the girls took a swim. St Clair caught a twenty-inch mackerel, which gave him a real fight. Crawfish salad, toast, tea, read awhile and then to bed.

Saturday—Everybody had a grouch this morning. The night was warm and the mosquitoes numerous and all hands had some wakeful hours. Went down to the shore before breakfast and found a very low tide, so went abalone hunting. Landed on the rocks and soon had a good mess. Bacon and eggs and hot cakes and into the boat again to visit our trap. Something is eating the bait without getting caught, so moved it into deeper water.

Ella washed some clothes, including my shirt and pants which had become slightly soiled with fish scales, etc. Marion read our new book aloud while this operation was performed, and St Clair and I lay down wondering what we would be doing this Saturday if we were at home.

Made a big mussel ciopinno and vegetable salad, which we cleaned up in short time. Spent the afternoon reading, sleeping and loafing around; went down to the beach and washed out the boat. Went swimming and tried the trap, but no luck.

Had two boats visit our harbor this evening: a party on the "Venture," who evidently are cruising the islands and stopped for abalones, and a fishing boat looking for bait. A wind down the canyon made our harbor undesirable for an anchorage, so they passed on up the coast.

Made great preparations for the night, battened down the tents, put in smudges and drove out all the mosquitoes, read awhile and turned in. We have sea food of all kinds today in hopes we can feed lots of company tomorrow.

Sunday—Everybody got in nine hours of good sleep last night and all turned out to prepare for our company, who will have a wet trip, as it is getting pretty rough outside, and the wind coming up all the time. Our cove is protected by the hills and it makes no difference how much it blows outside, we never have more than a gentle breeze in the camp. I think that is the reason for the oak trees in this canyon being so tall and straight and the ferns so beautiful. Upon visiting our trap we discovered the reason for our poor catches and lost bait in the shape of a short, round shark, resembling somewhat a baby seal. We fixed him, so he won't bother us any more, and put him overboard for an example to the rest of the family, and hope for better luck.

Spent the morning loafing around waiting for Rodehaver and speculating on who he would bring with him, but gave up all hope around noon and prepared our dinner of fried abalones, Spanish beans,

pineapple and cake and the last of our bread, toasted. We had enough left over for someone who should have come but didn't.

Toward evening we took the guns and went for a hike up the hills. Found a trail and puffed up over the rocks, pausing now and then to locate small bands of sheep and enjoy the wonderful colors on the hilltops and the indescribable panorama of bay and ocean. All of a sudden Marion located a hog on the crest of a ridge about 150 yards up the hill, and St Clair and I immediately opened fire, he with the automatic and I with the rifle. The pig was taken by surprise and made the mistake of coming down the canyon toward us. At the second or third shot he fell and started to roll down the steep hillside toward the creek hundreds of feet below. He finally lodged on the edge of a cliff and lay still.

The pig no more than stopped rolling when Ella yelled, "There goes a fox!"

Again the artillery opened fire and Mr. Fox ran across the hillside in plain view with puffs of dirt flying up all around him, sometimes so close as to bounce him up in the air. Several times I thought we had him, but he always landed running and finally disappeared over the ridge and the battle was over. All this happened in a very few minutes, but, believe me, excitement ran high while it lasted. We all went down and took a look at our dead hog, which proved to be a young boar, weighing about 255 pounds, with the tusks just starting. He was the typical wild hog type with bigger hams in front than in back, long nose and fin-like row of red hair down his razor back. The girls did not like his looks, so we left him for the ravens and made our way back to camp where we discussed the hunt, our modesty prohibiting us to brag about our good marksmanship, but I must say right here that it was **SOME SHOOTING**.

Monday—St Clair and I arose early after a fine sleep, made coffee and went fishing while the girls continued to sleep.

Didn't have much luck, but got into schools where the mackerels were chasing the sardines. The schools were as large as a city block, but our hooks were evidently not as alluring as a live sardine, and the numerical odds were a million to one against us. Picked up the girls and visited the trap. Only caught one crawfish, but our bait was not molested by the sharks, and we moved it back from Shark to Crawfish Bite and expect a fine haul tomorrow. Spent most of the morning reading and tending to the fire, and at the end had a real "he-man" meal, consisting of ham shank and cabbage and Spanish beans.

Loafed around all evening. Just before dark St Clair and Marion took a stroll down to the beach and found the bay alive with sardines, with the mackerel chasing them from underneath, and pelicans and sea gulls attacking them from above. They put off in the boat and soon had the reels singing. Ella and I heard the excitement, so went down and got aboard. We let the girls take the poles and I surely thought they would jump overboard with excitement. They were still biting when we came in, but it was getting dark and in the half hour we were out caught fifty and the Lord knows what we will do with them. Sure wish we could land some of our catches in Santa Barbara. We have live crawfish in the receiver, boiled ones in the

camp, a sack of mussels, cold abalones and fish galore. If Rody should drop in now, we sure could fill him up.

The girls have been making bread,* and the preparation of the yeast and mixing of the same seems to be a cross between the way Marion's mother, Ella's mother, I and you and the recipe and yeast package recommend, so we are looking forward with great interest to the results. Fried some mackerel, did the dishes, fussed around with the bread some more, put same to bed wrapped in a blanket and then followed ourselves.

Tuesday—Ella got out first thing to look at the bread, and reported semi-favorable. Had a small breakfast of sliced oranges, fried mackerel, bacon, eggs, hot cakes and coffee. Visited the trap and made a fine catch—many more than we can use.

This was our last loafing day. Baked the bread, which turned out fine. We have three big brown loaves, and fresh bread sure does taste good. Read, slept, took a swim in the pool.

Corned beef hash, steamed pudding with brandy sauce (the last of the make).

Tomorrow we make a trip to the top of the island and tonight have prepared a lunch and filled the canteens. Expect to get an early start, so will turn in early.

Wednesday—Up early, had breakfast, took up our packs and started for the top of the mountain. Our trip took us up the canyon through the trees until we came to the forks in the creek, where we started to mount on the ridge between the two creeks. The first few blocks was climbing straight up. Then, when we had mounted the crest, we followed the ridge in a gradual grade between two canyons. In about one and one-half hours we reached Castle Crags, which we skirted to the right and around, and with some more steep pulling reached the top of the rocks only to find another ridge beyond, but by the time three hours had elapsed, all of which time we had been steadily going up, with intermittent pauses for breathing and to admire the wonderful scenery, we reached the crest and had our first glimpse of the valley below and the hills beyond. This side of the Island is altogether different from our side, being more like the Gaviota and Santa Inez country.

Everybody stood the trip in good shape, except Ella, but she more than made it up going down, where St Clair and I suffered the worst, my knee making a poor brake for me, and St Clair's shoes opened new blisters on his feet. Before reaching the bottom he was crawling backward to take the pressure of his shoes from his toes. We had our lunch at the top and returned by a slightly different route, seeing lots of sheep going and coming, but no more pigs or foxes. Great flocks of crows (or ravens) had gathered in the vicinity of our dead pig. Upon our return to camp we had a bath in the creek, followed by a sauerkraut and weenie dinner, which was very welcome.

*They had taken along a reflector oven.

Thursday—The skunks visited camp last night, tapping and stepping through the leaves, filled up from the garbage pit and departed without being disturbed, although I must say the visit disturbed us some, but could have been much worse.

While visiting the trap we sighted a boat on the horizon coming straight for us, and, of course, everybody knew it was Rody, and, when he answered our signal (made from an improvised flag), we knew we were right. With him, as Cabin Boy, was Joe Sexton. They towed us home to camp and loaded us up with sacks and boxes of muskmelons, peaches, vegetables, etc., and we went to camp to prepare a meal for our guests. Joe did pretty well for his size, but Rody wasn't hungry and only ate sparingly of our baked mackerel, Spanish rice, lobster salad, hot bisquits and apricot marmalade, sliced peaches, coffee, etc. However, he said he had enough, and, as we were too full, let him do the dishes. After lunch they brought up their kodak and took some pictures of the camp and creek, and we found that the films we had brought up were the proper size for their kodak.

They wanted to be on their way as soon as lunch was over, but somehow we worked it so they took us for a boat ride, going down to Orizaba, then up the coast past Fryer's, Point Diablo, Arch Rock, Mary's Harbor, Gull Rock, Lady's Harbor, stopping at Valdez Harbor, where we went ashore and explored the cave and beach. On our way back we set the sail and opened her up and slid home in no time, riding the swells like a toboggan. Rody felt his appetite returning a wee bit, so we had a light lunch and found the proper way to eat green lima beans is to get a large plate heaping full, then cover the mess with salt, pepper and lots of sugar, followed with boiled ham, onions, Chili sauce, dill pickles, toast and some more beans, finishing with jam and crackers and tea.

We spent the evening around the campfire singing, telling fish stories and listening to Rody's tales and experiences in these waters . . .



The Camp (Other tent was at left)

Mrs. S. Morton

Our guests departed for parts unknown, while the girls mixed up some more bread and put the loaves to bed in a blanket to be baked in the morning. Rody's wild tales of killer sharks, wild hogs, Indian bones, eels and skunks have turned the girls up to a point where if a skunk shows up in camp tonight we will all have to climb a tree. We go to bed with a horrible outlook for the night to come, but the thoughts of a wonderful day spent with Rody and Joe.

Friday—The night was not so bad as anticipated. The skunks visited us as expected, but we left them alone and they were kind enough to reciprocate. Spent the morning washing, baking and cleaning up. Then brought in the trap preparatory to returning same, as we have more crawfish in the receiver than we can eat before we go home. Tried for mackerel, but only caught one big one, which we fried for lunch upon returning to camp. This is the first time we have had to throw away cooked food, but when you know that besides the fillet of mackerel we had potatoes, fried onions, string beans, new bread (lots of butter), pickles, olives, etc., you will forgive us.

Loafed around awhile in the afternoon and then went exploring along the hillside and up the canyon. While inspecting a moonshiner's camp we stirred up a yellow jacket nest and Ella and I got stung immediately, but Marion and St Clair got too good a start as we all tore through the brush up the canyon. However, we were followed, and Marion received her share and Ella a second sting later. I was stung on the arm, but modesty forbids me describing the girls' wounds. We finally beat them off and returned by another route.

Upon our return to camp we were called to the beach by the whistle of the *Sea Wolf* and were informed that they would land another party the next day at noon and we could return at that time, so we decided to make another try at pig hunting. Toward evening we climbed the steep canyon wall and went out on the ridge above the harbor. Didn't see any pigs, but the view from the cliffs in the evening was wonderful and well repaid us for the effort. Went sadly to bed, expecting this to be our last night in camp.

Saturday—Got up early after a miserable night. I think all the skunks on the island have collected in our camp and spent the night trotting around our tent through the dry leaves until sleep was impossible. Some of the more ignorant ones decided to come inside the tent, and for protection I lit a candle and placed same on the ground, covered up my head and went to sleep. This served the purpose of keeping them outside, but it did not disturb the convention outside. We were fortunate to get only a couple of whiffs of their breath through the night, but it was enough to warn us what would happen if we got reckless and tried to drive them away.

St Clair and I went fishing, but luck was against us, so we returned, had breakfast and dismantled the camp and lugged everything to the beach, where we awaited the arrival of the *Sea Wolf*. There evidently was a misunderstanding as to the day we should depart, for our ship did not arrive this day. To kill time we went out and caught enough fish to bait the trap, as we wanted some fish to take home with us, and we could see another chance to replenish our stock, which we lost this morning by



Luxuriant Vegetation at the Pools

Mrs. S. Morton

breaking the line which held the receiver and turning loose all those we planned to take in. This done, we made a temporary camp and proceeded to get a good night's sleep away from our friends the skunks, who now have undisturbed and entire access to our old camp.

Sunday—Everybody had a fine night and awoke to a clear day and calm sea. Went out and got a fine catch of mackerel. Also, our trap delivered us ten crawfish and we were on the rocks collecting a sack of mussels when the *Sea Wolf* hove in sight, so we hurried back to camp to collect our luggage and get on board for our trip home. We warned the new party coming in of the skunk convention, but they were all enthusiasm and game to tackle anything. God help them. Went on board and proceeded to Pelican Bay where we had lunch and found the party that the *Sea Wolf* had brought over on the regular Sunday Excursion. Also met up with the finest bunch of men I have ever seen out on a camping trip. They proved to be a party of ten Los Angeles policemen, Secret Service men and detectives on a two-week vacation, and they were surely having the time of their lives. Spent a couple of hours at Pelican Bay enjoying their "close harmony" and horseplay, and departed feeling that we had known them for days instead of hours.

The trip across was through a choppy side swell, which puts most of the passengers' heads over the sides continually, but our party of hardy seamen and seawomen never blinked an eye, and were as fresh upon arriving as when we set sail. This is a record breaker for Ella, but it entitles her to the high rank of "Sea Dog," and she can look down on those Landlubbers that made a mad rush for the landing when the boat arrived. The Mortons were at the dock to meet us, and after taking our luggage to our respective homes, St Clair and I joined the rest of the party at a regular dinner at the Mortons', after which we went home to bed. The trip is over and another year of hard work ahead of us, but we still have the memory of the finest vacation possible.
